

Welcome to the Murder Capital of the World by crystalkeery

Series: [The Lost Boys \(1987\)/Harringrove \[1\]](#)

Category: Lost Boys (Movies), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Male Character, Character Turned Into Vampire, Gen, Harringrove, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Male Homosexuality, Movie: Lost Boys (1987), Santa Carla (Lost Boys), Swearing, Vampires, i've been waiting to do this, idk don't hate me for how cheesy this is, so dont be a snatch, some cussing

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, David (Lost Boys), Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Michael Emerson (Lost Boys), Sam Emerson, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Adoptive siblings Steve and Dustin move to Santa Carla with their adoptive mother, Joyce. They move in with Joyce's good friend Jim Hopper, for the summer. Summer has many opportunities for discoveries of the self and of the boys' new home. But more importantly: why is Santa Carla called the 'murder capital of the world'?

Welcome to the Murder Capital of the World

Author's Note:

I just wanna thank Dex for helping me brainstorm with him!

This will be shared on my Tumblr, [stevesfawcettsspray](#).

No negative comments, please. This isn't my first multi-part fic. I can take constructive criticism, but anything downright hateful will be removed. My works are meant to be enjoyed by those who enjoy them. If you don't enjoy it, move on.

May 30, 1987

"Local security guard among the missing."

That was what that morning's *Santa Carla Post* stated on the front page. *Missing*.

Steve Harrington hadn't even been in Santa Carla for longer than a couple of hours and he already had a suspicion that the front page was lying. He had wondered why the graffiti on the back of Santa Carla's welcome sign labeled the place as being 'the murder capital of the world'. Maybe this was why. It intrigued him enough to continue reading, despite never being one to keep up with the news. But this was the *real shit*, not stocks or inflation. With Dustin passed out in the back seat, snoring away with their dog, Nanook, Steve knew Dustin didn't care. He was more of a 'Fuck off and let me play my video games' type of kid.

"You've been looking at the front page the whole time since you got that from the gas station, haven't you made a dent?" Steve's adoptive mother, Joyce, asked, her dark brown eyes peering over to look at the headline that captivated her son.

"Just curious, that's all," Steve shrugged before folding the paper in

half and setting it down on the dashboard.

"Well, look out at the water and how clean it is. Doesn't it make you just wanna grab a surfboard and go?" Joyce smiled over at Steve.

Steve offered a smile in return, "I dunno, never surfed before."

Joyce nodded, "Well, maybe you can find a hunky guy to teach you."

Steve laughed and shook his head. "Uh-huh. Maybe so." He looked away from her and out the window.

Joyce had always been okay with the fact that Steve was bisexual, ever since he came out as such when he was fourteen. He didn't come out willingly, though. His adoptive father, Lonnie, had caught him with a boy. They were just messing around, play fighting like normal teenage boys did. And then they kissed. And in came Lonnie. When Lonnie told Joyce about the encounter, that was when their fights began. Then, one day, Joyce had pulled Steve aside and told him the one thing he needed to hear: *it's okay*.

However, the years of fighting became too much for Steve, Dustin, and Joyce to bear and she decided to divorce Lonnie and move out. Now here they were on the road to their new home to live with one of Joyce's oldest friends, Jim.

Both Steve and Dustin personally thought that Joyce had the hots for him, despite them never having met the guy. According to Joyce, they had met Jim before and just didn't remember his name. He was a hard guy to forget, she had said.

Soon enough, their station wagon was pulling into the driveway of a home that looked like something straight out of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Steve was immediately unsettled upon seeing dead squirrels and foxes hanging from clothes lines like undies left out to dry.

"Joyce, you sure this is the right place...?" Steve leaned over, speaking in a hushed tone.

""Well, yeah. I'd know Jim's work anywhere." She smiled.

Dustin had woken in the backseat and caught the last bit of the conversation. "Work ? Yeah, the work of Jack the Ripper." He was just as unsettled as Steve seemed to be, an arm around Nanook as if he could protect him from dead animals.

"And how did you meet this guy?" Steve looked at Joyce after finally tearing his eyes away from the grotesque *decorations*.

"We went to high school together," Joyce said simply.

Dustin huffed out through his nostrils. "Didn't know you'd gone gone to a school for butchers."

Joyce put the car in park and looked at Dustin in the rear view mirror. "He's a taxidermist. Some people see it as an art."

"Maybe blind people," Dustin shot back, earning a snicker from Steve.

Once Joyce opened up the driver's side door, Nanook made his way to the front of the vehicle to hop out of that door, across Joyce's lap. Dustin climbed up and over Joyce's lap as well, to which she groaned in response.

"Dustin! You're 15! You're too big for that!" Joyce let out a grunt as Dustin got out of the car, Nanook's leash in hand.

Steve opened his own side's door and slid out, shutting the door behind him. He crinkled his nose up. It didn't smell like death, but it didn't smell like your stereotypical nature scent either. Steve noticed a pair of legs sticking out from behind a stack of boxes on the porch and went to investigate, Dustin trailing behind with Nanook by his side.

Sure enough, Dustin and Steve recognized the guy from their numerous birthday parties growing up. The only thing different was less hair on his head and more on his face.

"Is he dead?" Steve questioned as he looked at Joyce, who was going up the steps to the porch and kneeling next to Jim.

"If he is, can we go back home?" Dustin sounded a bit too hopeful for their host's death to be possible.

"Playin' dead. Nice to see you, too, you little shit." Jim answered, cracking an eye open.

Joyce just smiled and hugged Jim as he sat up to greet her with a warm smile. "Hey, Hop."

It took the brothers and Joyce only twenty minutes to get all of their stuff from the car and the trailer behind it and they were down to the last few boxes. Dustin had voiced his concerns that the house not only had creepy deer heads and stuffed rabbits, he hadn't seen a TV.

"I didn't see a TV anywhere, Steve. Did you see a TV? I didn't. What are we supposed to do with no TV?" Dustin had been yammering on about not having a TV in the house ever since they had stepped foot inside.

"Some people go outside," Jim's booming voice came from behind the two boys, making both of them nearly shit themselves. "Now, you're living here as guests in my house, but there are some rules you need to follow. Rule number one," he cleared his throat, "The second shelf in the fridge is mine. Nobody touches anything on the second shelf, nobody moves anything on the second shelf, don't even *look* at the second shelf."

"Second shelf is off limits, got it," Steve nodded as he furrowed his eyebrows. A pretty bizarre rule if you asked him.

"Rule number two: nobody is allowed in my room for any reason. Rule number three: the TV Guide comes in the mail and sometimes the address label on the front has the corner curled up. You'll be tempted to peel it off. *Leave it alone.*" Jim looked both boys in the eyes as if he were trying to hammer the TV Guide rule into their souls. "It'll rip the cover."

As Jim went over the rules, they had ended up at his lair's doorway with Jim ready to close the door on the two boys.

"Wait," Dustin stopped the door with his hand and looked up at Jim, "You said TV Guide, so you have a TV?"

Jim rolled his eyes, "No, I just like to read the TV Guide. If you read

the TV Guide, you don't need TV."

"What do you mean I should go off by myself?" Dustin asked Steve, pushing through the people on the crowded boardwalk to stay close to him.

"I mean exactly what I said. You're fourteen, you can take care of yourself, can't you?" Steve stopped to allow Dustin to catch up, motorbike alongside himself as he held the handlebars, "Plus, there's a comic book shop that we passed up, why don't you go and check that out?"

Dustin followed after Steve as his older brother began walking again. "First off, shithead, I'm *fifteen*. And I don't have any money to buy comics."

Steve paused again and dug in the back pocket of his unnecessarily tight jeans. Dustin wondered how Steve managed to squeeze his hand, let alone a wallet, into his pocket. Steve opened his wallet and pulled out a \$10 bill.

"Here. Now you do. Shoo," Steve waved in the direction of the comic book shop.

"Sweet," Dustin grinned, a few teeth still missing at this point. But his smile was part of his charm.

Steve turned on his heels and began to walk along the boardwalk on his own. He wasn't paying attention to any people, but was mostly looking at the vendors. *Ear piercing? No. Leather jacket? Not his style.*

Carousel. Sort of childish to say the least, but considering how late it was, all of the kids had gone home. All that was left on the rotating platform of creatures were teenagers that were Steve's age, maybe a couple of years older.

And that was when he saw *him*. Blonde and tan, dressed from head to toe in black. Dark and bright as the sunshine all at once. He was with a group of other similarly dressed boys of the same age. But Steve couldn't care any less about the others. They didn't compare.

Steve found himself cautiously approaching the multicolored array of animals just as the darkly dressed group rounded the opposite side. Steve waited, wondering if he should just step on and introduce himself or wait for them to come off. Either way, he would come off as a creep. He was positive of that.

But when the carousel made its round and Steve locked eyes with the yellow seal where the group had been standing, they were gone. Poof. Had they jumped off? Seen him staring and headed for the hills?

Steve sighed and relaxed his shoulders, only to be met with cool breath on the back of his neck, followed by a smooth voice that sounded way too close for comfort.

"Do you ride?"

Steve turned around quickly and was met with the crystal pools of blue in the eyes of the blonde he had been checking out.

"Huh?" Steve's face paled in comparison to his blush that spread across his cheeks and to his ears.

"Ride. Your bike," The blonde chuckled, smoke from the drag of a cigarette crowding the small distance between the two.

Regardless of the smoke, Steve could see those eyes clearly. They were dragging him in, calling to him in some unholy way.

"Oh!" Suddenly Steve felt like a total ass. He had thought- *well, never mind what he thought*. "Yeah, I ride."

The blonde dropped his cigarette and gingerly put it out with the heel of his black combat boots. "Name's Billy. Nice to meet you." His smirk was soft, but full of mystery. He took the pack of cigarettes from his leather jacket's inner pocket and pulled one out, offering it to Steve.

Steve accepted it with shaking hands, placing it between his lips. Billy brought the light up between them and flicked his thumb against the edge until a small flame was produced, illuminating both of their faces with a soft orange glow.

"Steve Harrington. I just moved here." Steve had introduced himself after taking a slow drag from the cigarette once it was lit.

"Welcome to Santa Carla," There went Billy's bright, toothy grin, "The boys and I were just about to head out. You wanna ride with us?"

Steve pulled the cigarette back to his lips. Another drag. "Where are we going?"

The other boys behind Billy let out soft, knowing chuckles under their breath.

Billy ran his tongue across his teeth and turned back to the boys behind him before facing Steve again. "How far are you willing to go, Stevie?"